

THE
Mournful Mite:
Or the TRUE
SUBJECT'S SIGH.
On the Death of the
ILLUSTRIOUS
And SERENE
CHARLES II.
K I N G
Of Great-Britain, France, and Ireland, &c.

BY
PETER KER.

*Hic non est intus CAROLUS Quintus,
Sed est Profundus CAROLUS Secundus.*

18

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To the Author.

Within this *Mite* is Comprehended more
Then all the Pounds were Publish'd heretofore.

G. B.

(3)

T H E
Mournful Mite.
 BEING A
P O E M
 On the Death of
King CHARLESII.

STANZA I.

Lately I look'd up to promotions *Skie* ;
 Where I did Espye
 The *Sun* and *Moon* of *Britains Church and State*
 (Ah rigid Fate)
 Eclips'd in Majesty.

II.

Amaz'd I Sigh'd, and pry'd within the Scene,
 Beholding *Charles-wain* :
 The *Via Lactea* seem'd to shrink away ;
 Night acted Day,
 And Tears did flow Amain.

III.

I went to Black, but formerly White-Hall,
 To know th' Original:

In Threnodyes they Sung; Our Royal Head
 Is Cold and Dead;
 Our Pomp turn'd Tragical.

IV.

I Sigh'd for Charles our King the Great and Good,
 And Cry'd a Loud:

But (when I fear'd to sink in Seas of Grief)
 Found no Relief;
 Tears but increas'd the Flood.

V.

Yet (when the Sable Curtain was laid by)
 I heard a Cry.

Th' Eclips not Total is (we trust)

For now the Shadow Flies;

And from the Phœnix precious Dust

A Phœbus doth Arise:

And then I wip'd mine Eyes.

F I N I S.